every place, every object brings to my mind the scenes of 1786.

I passed the place where poor John stopped M. de TourzePs horse ten minutes before it knocked his brains out. John is dead, and Madame de Tourzel has a subscription ball at Paris *a six francs!*

Au reste, I have a charming apartment, and my host was a member of the *Comite de Salut Fublique;* but he is quite altered, and ashamed of it. This place is very anti-Directorial. My time passes quickly; I rise early, write a great deal—for a *great deal I* have to write; then take long walks and eat a *shameful dinner*—another long stroll, a visit and a chat—then write till I go to bed.

I see it is put in the French papers that the English ministry will have no *cartel* until Sir S. Smith is released. If so, and as I fear not agreed to, all the negotiations will go into *fumo,* and your humble servant will return home like the *pot de terre* in the fable, *Clopin dopant comme il peut;* that is to say, if he is not sent to the Temple to keep company with this

chivalrous
subject of public contention. It is certainly a misfortune for a country when family interests
outweigh those of the public.